

## Cane Sugar

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## Cane Sugar

by [gnftavi](#)

### Summary

“Hey number five!” Sapnap called out, voice booming.

George felt his heart stop.

“Number— Yeah, you! Blondie!” Sapnap continued, pointing. “You like dudes?”

“Occasionally.” The guy answered back, slowly heading back to the bench.

“What about, uh… Skinny, little british guys with unchecked egos?”

“I might.” Number five laughed.

“Well today’s your lucky day!” Quackity joined in, shouting down at the field. “Cause that guy’s right here! He thinks you’re hot!”

### Notes

or George goes to a baseball game, but can't stop thinking about one of the players, and what he wants to do to him.

—  
hahahaha inspired by a tiktok i saw earlier. this was very quickly and messily written, more than my usual stuff so i apologize but i needed to get this out LOL.

(also needed to write something bc i just changed my user again i gotta see if i actually like it hah)

um. anyways, enjoy :)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

The sun beat down hot on George's neck, and the ice cold soda can he pressed on his forehead did nothing to help.

It was probably, like, the hottest day of the year so far, and George somehow got dragged to this midday baseball game by his friends. He was sweating bullets since they left the cool air conditioned car, and it was *not* a good look.

Especially when there was one particular player that caught George's eye.

"Hey, dipshit." Quackity brushed George with his elbow, "What's wrong? Did your brain fry from the heat you've been complaining about?"

"Yeah, you okay? You just kinda... shut up after a bit." Sapnap butted in, reaching across George's lap to grab a handful of popcorn from Quackity.

George rolled his eyes, gaze being ripped from the field as he turned to his friends.

"I'm fine. It's just..." George sighed, glancing back towards the game, "He's so hot."

"What?" Karl asked, leaning forward from the bleacher behind George.

"I-I mean," George felt his heart skip a beat, "I meant... I'm hot. I'm so hot, wow." He lifted his hands and waved them around his face, "It's hot out!"

Sapnap cocked a brow, “Mhm. So which one are you ogling at? Number four, Number five...”

George slumped down defeatedly in his seat, placing his hands on his forehead.

“Number five.” He answered softly.

“At least he found something to keep himself occupied with.” Quackity joked.

George watched as the three followed the guy with the number five jersey. He really couldn’t keep his eyes off the guy—he was just so *handsome*.

His blond hair was plastered to his forehead with sweat from the helmet as he stood by the home plate, kicking at the plastic while he spun the bat in his gloved hand. It melted George, really, and made the heat unimaginably hotter.

The group sat with anticipation, waiting for the pitcher’s throw. In an instant, the ball flew towards number five, and he swung, a loud crack echoing through the air. They watched the ball fly clear over the fence, disappearing into the thick brush behind.

George found himself cheering with the crowd, clapping loudly as his worries left him slowly.

“God, look at this guy.” Karl scoffed, chuckling as he rubbed at George’s shoulders, “I can’t stand him drooling all over himself like this.”

“I can’t help it!” George laughed a little, covering his face briefly, “He’s... Really... You know. God, the thing’s I’d do to him...”

“Okay, TMI.” Quackity knit his brows together, waving his hands as if to wave the thought away.

“Hey number five!” Sapnap called out, voice booming.

George felt his heart stop.

“Number— Yeah, you! Blondie!” Sapnap continued, pointing.

The blond turned to face Sapnap, shrugging.

“You like dudes?”

“Occasionally.” The guy answered back, slowly heading back to the bench.

“Sapnap, what the hell are you doing?” George’s face was bright red as he shook Sapnap’s arm as hard as he could.

Sapnap was unswayed, “What about, uh... Skinny, little british guys with unchecked egos?”

“Sapnap!”

A couple laughs were heard from around George, and all he wanted to do was hide from everyone and everything.

“I might.” Number five laughed as well.

George felt like locking himself in the car for the rest of the game.

“Well today’s your lucky day!” Quackity joined in, shouting down at the field.

Karl snaked his arm under George’s lifting it up into the air. A few other crowd members glanced over, chuckling.

“Cause that guy’s right here!” Karl added as he waved George’s arms.

George struggled to pull away, successfully doing so after a bit of a fight. It was too late, though, as the guy on the field was already staring right at him.

“He thinks you’re hot!”

His eyes were bright and wide as they scanned George. They looked him up and down briefly before his mouth twisted into a toothy grin. George felt faint.

“Snapchat— @GeorgeNotFound!” Quackity yelled, “No spaces!”

“Shut up!”

George watched the guy laugh softly, shaking his head as he began walking away.

Finally, George thought, finally they’d leave him alone. His face was burning up, his stomach full of butterflies that threatened to burn farther down his torso.

“He wants to do unspeakable things to you!” Sapnap added on finally.

The guy turned quickly, looking back towards George. A couple audience members made noises, whistling at the remark. George swore the guy was blushing too.

“What the hell is wrong with you guys!” George gasped, pushing Sapnap hard as he laughed at George’s embarrassment.

It wasn’t always that something like this happened. It was almost exciting, honestly, the whole world knowing George’s deepest darkest thoughts. George dropped his soda to his lap, hoping to conceal the slight strain growing in his shorts.

“Relax, George.” Quackity could barely speak though his laughs.

“Oh my god.” George sighed, whining a bit, “Oh my god.”

“Hey, at least I didn’t make anything up.” Sapnap shrugged, “I didn’t tell him you probably want him to wrap his hands around your—“

“Enough!” George cut Sapnap off as fast as he could, heart beating out of his chest.

“What? You know it’s true.”

“I’m...I-I’m,” George stumbled over his words, “I’m going to... The car.”

“Come on, George—“ Quackity tried to stop George from getting up, but he had already left.

George stepped over people’s feet, making his way to the end of the bleachers. Though they were a few rows up, George hopped down, not bothering to find the stairs. All he needed right now was some cool air.

And... Maybe some privacy.

His erection was killing him.

George jogged past the second set of bleachers, resting behind them in the shade. Damn, was it hot out. The cold can he had was abandoned at his seat, and he really wished he had taken it with him.

He heard the crowd roar as the game carried on. George took a couple deep breaths, steadying himself for the long walk through the parking lot. Thankfully, he still had the keys to get in.

Out of the corner of his eye, George watched as someone slowly approached. His eyes snapped to the familiar figure, and his heart sank again.

Slowly walking up to him was none other than the infamous number five, hands in his pockets. He had a nervous smile on his red cheeks and dirt all over his uniform.

“Hey.” He said softly, “George, I assume?”

George felt a shiver down his spine. His name in this guy’s mouth made him feel weak in the knees.

“Yeah, that’s me.” George said with a light chuckle, “I-I’m sorry. About that— About my friends. They’re... I don’t know... They’re weird like that, I guess...”

“No, don’t worry.” He laughed, “It’s kinda cute. You have your own... wingman entourage.”

George laughed softly at that.

“I’m Dream.”

“That’s a nice name.” George complimented.

Silence covered them, nothing but the muted sounds of the game behind them.

“So...” Dream swayed from side to side, “About those... things you want to do.”

If it was any hotter out, George would have passed out on the spot.

“I-I... I don’t... Uh, I don’t know...” George stuttered.

“It’s okay.” Dream laughed, and it sounded like honey, “I get it. Sorry, I think I might have gotten the wrong idea.”

“No!” George tensed up, “No, no. You didn’t, I-I’m just... Nervous.”

“Oh?” Dream cocked a brow up, trailing his eyes across George’s frame. They stopped dead center when George’s hand shifted, revealing the tent in his shorts. “*Oh.*”

George was frozen in place as Dream approached him, placing his hand tentatively on his waist.

“Oh, George,” Dream drawled out, a sweet undertone in his voice, “You can’t tell me you were getting hard from your friends exposing you, were you?”

“Y-yes.” George whispered.

Dream towered over him, and George could smell the salty sweat mixed with faded cologne coming off him in the heat.

“You’re that desperate?” Dream asked, “You’d even want me when I’m all dirty and sweaty in public?”

“Yes.” George answered, voice barely audible.

“You slut.”

George whimpered, his palm pressing softly against his strained dick. The soft touch wasn’t enough—George pushed his hips forwards into his hand with a small noise.

Quickly, Dream grabbed at his wrist, pulling George’s hand away from his cock with ease.

“Ah, you don’t get to touch yourself, Georgie.” Dream scoffed, then glanced around. “Come with me.”

Dream dragged George by the arm carefully and quietly to the patch of grass underneath the bleachers George had just come from. The sides and back were relatively closed off, and it was quite dark underneath. The only problem was George’s friends sitting just feet above them.

“Now,” Dream’s tone was hushed, “Get on your knees.”

George followed orders, glancing up at Sapnap and Quackity's shoes above his head. He could hear them laughing.

"Hey, eyes over here." Dream snapped, a hand wrapping around George's jaw, "Open wide."

George nodded, his mouth parting slowly, tongue rolling out as well. Dream bent forward a bit, tilting George's head back as he spit into his mouth. George whined, and Dream squeezed at the sides of his mouth.

"Swallow." Dream's voice was as sweet as sugar cane.

He swallowed quickly. Dream's mouth twitched up into a smirk as George's lips fell open again, half lidded eyes waiting for further instructions.

"You're such a whore."

Dream's words came with a sharp slap to the face, sending George's head turning to the side. He quickly straightened up, breath hitching in the back of his throat.

Dream quietly unbuckled his belt and slipped his pants down slightly, letting his cock bounce free. George eagerly leaned forwards as Dream began to stroke it, mouth opening a little as an invitation.

"No." Dream whispered, "Not enough time. Lie down."

A loud cheer shook the bleachers. George ignored the rumbling of claps as he laid down on his back, unzipping his shorts.

Dream spit a couple of times into his hand, spreading the thick saliva across the length of his cock. George watched with his hand down his pants, pumping his own dick. Dream quickly knelt down, helping George pull his shorts and boxers all the way off.

George's legs were lifted up onto Dream's shoulders with ease, and Dream quickly pressed the tip of his dick against George's hole.

Dream slid in with ease, a long, drawn out moan leaving George's throat as he bottomed out. Dream quickly clasped his hand around George's mouth.

"I bet your moans and cries are hot, but..." Dream said through gritted teeth, "You need to be quiet."

George nodded again, desperately. He pulled Dream's hand off his face, shakily guiding it to his neck.

Dream got the hint, gripping softly at George's small throat with his hand. He did his best to be gentle with his fingers, but did the opposite with his hips.

George was breathing heavily as Dream pounded in and out of him, the pleasure unbearably building up with each thrust. The pace was relentless and rough, and if the crowd wasn't loud, George was sure everyone would have heard the sound of hot, sweaty skin against skin.

"God, you're so tight." Dream breathed out, leaning over a bit, "Fuck, George..."

George made a soft moan, and Dream counteracted it with a tight squeeze on his neck, restricting his breath further. George rolled his eyes back, mouth agape as he breathed shallowly.

His head was spinning, all the stimulation was almost overwhelming.

Dream's hips stuttered, and George could tell by his soft grunts that Dream was just as close as he was. A heavy heat pooled deep in George's stomach, threatening to spill over at any moment.

That moment just happened to be right as Dream leaned forward, moaning a soft, pathetic, desperate sound into his ear. It was like sweet, sweet honey, and it was the tipping point for George. He saw stars as he gasped for air, cum painting his exposed stomach as it shot from his dick.

As George's muscles tightened around Dream's cock, he felt his orgasm sneak up on him as well. It hit him fast, thick ribbons of cum filling up George's sore hole.

Dream rode out his climax, gently and shallowly thrusting into George until it was completely over.

George stayed on the ground, even after Dream pulled out, cum dripping from his ass, and even after Dream lowered his legs down. He watched as Dream stuffed his cock into his pants once again, fixing himself up a bit.

"That was nice." Dream whispered, "I'm sorry I can't stay with you and help clean you up, but the inning is nearly over."

"I-It's..." George could barely form words, "It's okay."

Dream smiled apologetically, reaching for a little pack of tissues in his pocket. He left them in George's hand as he waved a quick goodbye, running out from under the bleachers.

George hated to see him go, but he had to admit, he looked damn fine running away.

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"Sorry about earlier, Georgie." Sapnap said softly as he got into the car, watching George in the driver's seat.

"It's okay," George reassured, "I don't care anymore."

"Are you sure— woah, are you okay?"

George furrowed his brows, and Sapnap gestured towards his face. George pulled down the sun visor's mirror, gazing at his reflection. His heart skipped a beat, face going pink.

There was a vibrant red mark on the side of his cheek, and a couple lighter marks around his neck.

"O-oh, yeah, I'm fine." George brushed off Sapnap's response, "I just... took a nap in a weird position."

“Right.”

“Ready to go?” Karl asked as he hopped into the back seat.

“Whenever George is.” Quackity replied, clicking his seatbelt in.

“What the hell, I was literally waiting for you guys!” George laughed.

George shifted the car into reverse, checking the mirrors quickly before starting to pull out. He quickly stopped, though, when a small noise caught his attention.

“Can you check that for me?”

Sapnap groaned and reached over to pull George’s phone from his pocket. He tapped in the passcode slowly before reading off a couple notifications.

“Some emails, a bunch of instagram shit and... Oh, somebody added you on snap! Do you think it’s...”

“Number five!?” Karl gasped dramatically, grabbing the phone from Sapnap’s grip.

George slammed on the breaks, turning all the way around to snatch his phone back. He couldn’t let any of them find out what they had done—he wouldn’t risk it.

“If it is...” George stuffed his phone in his back pocket, “I don’t want you fucking things up for me. Thank you very much.”

Karl whined, and Sapnap laughed.

“Good luck with that then, I guess.” Sapnap rolled his eyes, “With your... unspeakable things.”

“God, shut up!” Quackity yelled, “I don’t wanna hear about George’s dick and where it’s going!”

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**Dream:** *Your friends were really giving u a hard time today lol.*

## End Notes

kinda cool and epic :)

i have a question for those of u who have read my previous oneshots; are u actually interested in continuations or part 2s? ive been getting a lot of ppl wanting them but im not sure if they'd actually be enjoyed if i put my time into them lmao. letme know maybe? thankyouu <3

as always my tumblr and twt are the same as my user here, so feel free to follow there for fic updates, or just sub on ao3 to get the emails :)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!